

The Ice Queen

by Dana Evans

Category: Roswell

Genre: Drama

Language: English

Status: In-Progress

Published: 2000-04-28 09:00:00

Updated: 2000-04-28 09:00:00

Packaged: 2016-04-27 16:37:10

Rating: M

Chapters: 1

Words: 1,402

Publisher: www.fanfiction.net

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Authors Note: I wanna thank Meg (girl, you rock!) and my mom for buying me Plumb's CD Candycoatedwaterdrops! You all HAVE to check it out, it rocks! This story has been jumping off my fingers to be written for a long time, and I hope you all like it. I hope it's not too heavy for fanfic minds (no offence). This is my first fic! Please tell me if you liked it or not, and if not, then what to change. hey, ya know what? I wanna thank Mousie too. Even though I'm a bit mad at her right now, she really got me started in the fanfic universe in the first place. Sorry, that was a bit of spontaneity there, and I'll let you go and read the story now... Thanks a bundle! Love and <3's Dana

The Ice Queen Dana Evans ~ "Isabel, what's wrong?" God, if only you knew "Nothing." Alex accepted my lie, and took another bite of salad. We were out on a "date" at the Crashdown. Liz and Maria weren't working so it wasn't as awkward as usual. But it was. Oh, God it was. "So, Alex, how's your dad?" I asked, trying to fill space. His head jerked up. He looked suprized, usually his dad was a no-no subject. Even i knew that. "He's okay, I guess. Why?" "Oh, I don't know." God, how was I going to fix this one? My ice queen facade didn't work on Alex, he always saw through it. "Just curious is all." That was a load of bull shit. He nodded, smiling, but not believing a second of it. He knew something was wrong. And, God, something was wrong. Oh so incredibly wrong. But, I couldn't tell anyone. Sympathy was one thing I could do without. "So, what's wrong. i know you Isabel." "You do not know me Alex Whitman!" My voice was raised, I was beginning to turn heads. I was creating a scene. "Isabel, sit down." I was standing? I sat. My mouth was a thin line across and I was blinking back tears. "Come on, let's go for a walk." Alex rallied a waitress for our bill. I put my coat on, careful of the bruises on my upper

arms. Alex paid, and led me by the hand out the door. We didn't speak untill we reached the park. Oh God, not the park. Anywhere but the park. Oh God no! I froze. My breath quickened, and I could feel my eyes widening. The movie was playing. Again. I couldn't make it stop. I tried to close my eyes, but that make it louder. "Isabel?" I couldn't move. Alex grabbed my arm. The movie played faster. I flung his hand away with an ear-splitting scream that I think came from my mouth. God! Don't touch me! I ran. My coat trailing in the wind behind me, I ran. ~ I flew through the house and fell on my bed. I hated the tears falling down my cheeks and pattering onto my quilt. All I could do was curl up and comfort myself with sleep. What that sleep would bring, only God knew. Damn you Isabel! I screamed at myself. Hold yourself together! ~ I was walking home from the movies through the park. It was late, and very dark. I was in a funk because Max had the Jeep; thus, I was walking. A chill came over me, and I pulled my jacket closer around my body. A twig snapped behind me. I stole a glance around, involuntarily walking faster. I was approaching the dense foresty part of the way home. Suddenly, something held me back. Strong, large hands gripping my upper arms like... I tried madly to recall my self-defence classes. What was it... the three A's? Aware, he was way bigger than me, and I couldn't escape anywhere quick - I was surrounded by trees. What was the second A? Those thick hands grasped around my neck, cutting off some air. Who gave a damn what the A's were? -I couldn't breathe. I tried to hit his hands away, and kick him in the shin. A mistake. He spun me around, digging his thumb into my windpipe. I gasped. He was suprizingly clean cut, a surfer dude body. Under different circumstances, I might have flirted with him. That scared me. I began to blink crazilly, and fade out from lack of oxygen. I was scared too stiff to use my powers. With a kick in the gut, I was easilly down. He sneered, then grinned. And I didn't have the pleasue of blacking out. I screamed. ~ I woke up, alarmed at my own face in the mirror. My eyes were wild, and my arms screamed in renewed pain. I took a moment to study myself in the mirror. My face was imprinted with my quilt pattern. There were black circles under my eyes. My hair was a mess, hanging all over the place in knots. This had to end. I began rearranging my socks. ~ The pile on my bed grew. No, pantyhose go over there, Isabel. Someone knocked on my door. I didn't answer. The door opened, and Max stepped in. "Hi, Izzy. I didn't hear you come in last night." "Hmm." I tossed my ballet slipper socks onto my bed. "So, did you have fun?" Why couldn't he take a hint? "Uh huh." I turned to my bed, and began color coding. "Is something wrong?" "Why is everyone asking me that lately? Geez, I'm fine." "Isabel, I know I shouldn't have, but I went dream walking last night." Something in his tone... "I'm not sure what the things I saw ment. Maybe you could help me." "Why would you need my help? Besides, can't you see I'm busy?" I refolded a pair of socks. "I saw the park, and the woods." "Whose dream was this? Not Liz, was it?" "No, not Liz. Someone you know very well." "I refuse to play twenty questions with you Maxwell. Just tell me." "I walked into your dream. I wanted to know what had been up with you the past few days." All of a sudden, my skin was the only thing keeping me from screaming, crying and exploding everywhere at once. "You had no right to do that." I said with as little emotion as possible. Damn it! Max looked suprized. What did he think I was going to do- fall weeping at his feet? I didn't hink so. I'd maintained this long, I couldn't crack now. "Izzy, what happened to you?" "Nothing, I was just a dream. You take everything too damn seriously." ~ I cant believe I'm writing this. I swore I'd never tell anyone. But, I need help. My name is Isabel Danae Evans. I live in Roswell NM. Last week i was walking home from the movies -alone in

the dark- and I was attacked by a man. He tried to strangle me. I was helpless, and he raped me. Now, I keep having dreams and I can't sleep or hang out with my boyfriend. Everything makes me jump, and I need help. Thank you. Isabel Evans ~ The Ice Queen has finally melted, and through tragedy, is able to open her heart. ~ Dreaming comes so easily 'Cause it's all that I've known True love is a fairy tale I'm damaged, so how would I know

I'm scared, and I'm alone I'm ashamed And I need for you to know

I didn't say all the things that I wanted to say And you can't take back what you've taken away Cause I feel you, I feel you near me

Healing comes so painfully And it chills to the bone Will anyone get close to me? I'm damaged as I'm sure you know

There's mending for my soul An ending to this fear Forgiveness for a man who was stronger I was just a little girl, but I can't go back

"Damaged" by Plumb

The End

End
file.